Warning-piece

FOR

Rash SWEARERS and DRUNKARDS:

BEING

A full and true Accouut of one *William Swallow* a Carpenter, living in *Penitent-Street*, near *Ratcliff-High-Way*, wishing the *Devil* might make him an Example by crushing his Bones to pieces, if ever he lay with one *Mary Bacon* a Bad Woman, with whom he kept Company, he breaking his Vow, the *Devil* according to his Wish, came last *Monday* Night and shattered him to Pieces, where he lay in *Penitent-Street*, as a dreadful Spectacle to behold.

ALSO,

You have here an Accouut of one *William Pargeter*, a Seaman, on Board of one of our Men of War at Sea, who was given to such excessive Drinking, that he lately drank himself designedly to Death, being so impious before he died, as to charge his Mess-Mates to tie a Bottle of Brandy to his Hand before he was thrown over-board, which he told them was to drink to Health to the Devil when he went to him, threatning to terrifie them if they neglected to do it.

The whole Relation of whose miserable Ends you have here all [illegible]: As likewise the Speech the Seaman's Captain made upon Deck to all the Seamen against that odious Vice of Drunkenness; they being call'd together to view the dreadful Spectacle before it was slung over-board, in hopes the miserable Object might deter them from being Guilty of the same.

Licensed according to Order.

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A Warning Piece, &c.

RASH Swearing is a Crime so offensive to Heaven, and has provoked divine Wrath to that degree, that it has inflicted very heavy Judgments on such addicted to the same; but our Subject being on an unhappy Wretch made lately an Example to Rash-Swearers in this our Age, we shall give you an Account of as terrible a Judgment fell on One who made a Rash-Oath, as any whatsoever deliver'd by Historians in former times, the substance of which take in the manner following.

One Mr. *Rogers* a young Man, and Journey-man Carpenter by Trade, living a very loose sort of a Life, being given to Sabbath-breaking, Whoring, Drinking, and all manner of Vices whatsoever, and in his Extravagancy had kept an ill Woman Company for some years, but the beginning of last Week, falling grievously out with her, upon Account of finding out she kept Company with another beside himself, that he Swore solemnly he would never converse with her again; and at the same time wisht that if ever he lay with her more, that the Devil might come and crush his Bones to Pieces, and then left her.

But within a Day or two after his falling out with his Miss, having a hankering mind after her, without any consideration to his Rash Oath, he went to her Lodging, where finding her at home, he nobly treated her to be Friends again, pretending mightily to be sorry for his falling out with her and all things being pacifi'd between them, he lay with her that Night, and in the Morning arose, and went to work:

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work: expreſſing himſelf how kind he would ſtill be to her, and that nothing for the future, ſhould ever make any ſeparation betwixt her and him.

However when he left her that Morning, and was gone to work, his Conſcience ſo checks him about his Raſh Wiſh, that he could not quietly ſtick to his Buſineſs, whereupon he left it, and went to Drinking from one Place to another, thinking he might divert the Thoughts of his troubled Conſcience that way, but all to no purpoſe; for finding his Mind more and more oppreſt, he went at Night to a Friend's Houſe in *Penitant-ſtreet*, near *Ratcliff-High-Way*, where telling his Affliction, he deſired to lie there that Night; accordingly they let him lie in the Garret, where betwixt twelve and one of the Clock in the Night they heard ſuch a hideous Noiſe, for above half an hour, that the People were almoſt frightn'd out of their Wits, and hearing ſomething fall very heavy down Stairs, they aroſe to ſee what it was, and found it to be the Carpenter, lying at the Bottom of a whole pair of Stairs with his Bones all cruſht to Pieces in a ſhatter'd Condition, whom they took juſt up alive, and carried him again to Bed, into which being put, he only cry'd out, the Devil had ſhew'd him the Effect of his Raſh Swearing, and then died, to the great Fright and Amazement of all thoſe that beheld him; wherefore, it is wiſht that all Perſons by this Judgment will take care how they make Raſh Wiſhes, Vows, or Oaths, for fear the like Wrath ſhould fall on them.

A Warning to Drunkards;

OR

God's Judgment against the Odious Sin of Drunkenness.

Being a full and true Account of a Seaman, on Board one of our Men of War, who was given to such excessive Drinking, that he lately drank himself designedly to Death, being so impious before he died, to charge his Mess-Mates to tye a bottle of Brandy to his Hand before he was thrown over Board, which he told them was to drink a health to the Devil, threatning to terrifie them if they neglected to do it.

The whole Relation of whose miserable end yon have here at large, as also the Speech his Captain made upon Deck to all the Seamen against that great Vice of Drunkenness; they being call'd together to view the dreadful Spectacle before it was flung overboard, in hopes the miserable Object might deter them from being Guilty of the like Impiety.

THere is no Sin whatsoever, as Swearing Whoreing, Murther, Sabbath-breaking, Disobedience, to Parents, Theft, Perjury, Gluttony, or the like but what God has shewed an utter abhorrence

rence of it, by inflicting some heavy Judgment on several that have been addicted in an extraordinary manner to any darling Vice, to the end that others might take warning by their untimely Ends; and among the rest has the opinions and filthy Sin of Drunkenness escaped the heavy Stroak of Divine Wrath, as by many Instances in History does plainly appear; on which last Vice the wise Antients have made these no less Remarkable than true Reflections. *viz.* The Wise *Solon* says, Drunkenness is the Effect of Riot. *Augustin* says, Drunkenness is a bewitching Devil, a pleasant Poyson, and a sweet Sin. *Origin* says, Drunkenness makes a Man a Beast, a strong Man weak, and and a wise Man a Fool. *Plato* bad Drunken Men to behold themselves in a Glass; saying likewise, a Drunken Man, like an old Man, is twice a Child. *Publius* says, Drink hath drowned more Men than the Sea, and *Ambrose* says, the first Evil to Drunkenness is danger of Chastity.

So odious has this drivilish Vice of Drunkenness been held among the very Heathens, that the *Lacedemonians* would often shew their Children such as were Druuk, to the End they shou'd learn to loath that Vice. The Antient *Romans* would not suffer their Wives to drink any Wine: nay *Romulus*, the first King of *Rome*, made a Law, that if a Woman was overcome with Drink, she should die for her offence; supposing that this Vice was the Foundation or beginning of Dishonesty and Whoredom. And to this very day is Drunkenness detested by the *Turks*. In fine, Drunkenness hastens Age; brings Sorrow, is the Root of all Diseases; a Voluntary Madness; inflames the Liver, rots the Lungs; dulls the Memory; and is a Monster with many Heads, as filthy Talk, Fornication, Wrath, Murther, Swearing, Cursing,

Curſing, and all enormous Crimes whatſoever. But among all the Hiſtorical Narrations which have been remitted to Poſterity concerning the Remarkable Judgments which Heaven has inflicted on Drunkenneſs, this which I am going to relate, is as ſurprizing an Example of God's Diſpleaſure againſt that odious and beaſtly Sin, as any we have; the Account of which take as follow.

From on board one of our Men of War, which lately Cruized on the Coaſt of *France*, we have (as you may ſee in the *Engliſh Poſt* for *Monday* was Sennight laſt) an Account, dated the 4*th* of *July* 1704. How (according to the Relator's Letter) there was one of his Ships Crew, that was a young Man, given to all manner of Wickedneſs whatſoever, as Whoring, Swearing, Curſing, Gaming, and Drunkenneſs; to which laſt Vice he was ſo frequently addicted that he was ſcarce ever Sober, which in a manner made him uncapable of all *Buſineſs*, and though he had been often Puniſht for it by his Officers, yet it could make no change in his Manners, he was ſtill the ſame; a Can of Flip, or a Bowl of Punch, was (do what they could) his ſole delight, but eſpecially Brandy, to obtain which he always reduced himſelf to that Neceſſity, that he was continually in debt to the Purſer, and rather than go without it, often Pawn'd and Sold what he had, inſomuch that he ſcarce had Apparel enough to hide his Nakedneſs; nay ſo much as his very Bedding he has not ſpared to indulge his great Intemperance of Drunkenneſs, making himſelf the greateſt Sot and Beaſt in the whole Ship: but his exceſſive Drinking in time had ſo impair'd his Health, that it brought a fit of Sickneſs upon him which turn'd to a violent Fever, yet under his Diſtemper could

could he not refrain from his accuſtomed Habit of guzling, but would in a deſperate Contempt of Death be perpetually drinking Brandy, moſt Impiouſly charging his Meſs-Mates, whilſt in his weak Condition, that when he was Dead, they ſhould tye a bottle of Brandy to his Hand, before he was thrown over Board; which odd Requeſt of his, much ſurprized his Meſs-Mates, and made them to ask him, what ſilly Fancy ſhould ſuggeſt him to deſire ſuch an idle thing as that was, and bad (as he was ſenſible under his Affliction) to mind his latter End, and call upon God for Mercy to his poor Soul; which wholſome Advice Put him into a ſort of a Paſſion, ſtill deſiring them to tye a bottle of Brandy to his Hand, which, he told them was to drink with the Devil, threatning to terrifie them if they neglected to do it.

Soon after this diabolical Expreſſion, he took a large Draught of Brandy, which he ſaid ſhould be his laſt, and ſo went to Sleep; but being awake again he ſeemed diſſatisfied, and took another ſound Lug of Brandy, ſaying, his Work was done, for he was ſure he ſhould Sleep his laſt now; which happening accordingly, his Comrades did as he bid them, for they tied a bottle of Moloſſes Brandy to his Wriſt, which was all his delight when alive, and were going to throw his Corps overboard: but the Captain coming upon Deck at the Interim of time, as they were performing the laſt Ceremony by this profain Drunkard, he commanded them to forbear till the whole Ship's Company was called up to behold this dreadful Spectacle, which was nothing but Skin and Bones, and then, to deſer them from being Guilty of the like Impiety, ſpoke to this effect.

Gentl men, obſerve this miſerable Object, who having placed all his Happineſs in the Brandy Bottle, you ſee it

has

has consumed his Flesh from his Bones, this he adored as his God, when alive, and this the unhappy Wretch thought would please the Devil at his Death, whose name was seldom out of his Mouth when he spoke; there are some of you addicted to the same Vice, I wish this Wicked Man's sad End may cause you to renounce such pernicious Courses, least they should prove destructive both to your present and future Happiness. I heartily beg that the sight of this ghastly Skeleton may strike an awe upon your Senses, and make you loath that Profane Vice of Drunkenness, which has made him such a Reprobate to the last Moment of his Life, that we may really doubt of his being happy in the State that he is now gone to; So hoping the frightful sight may make all you that behold it more Watchful over your Humane Infirmities than to make your selves such Beasts with Drink, that you regard neither your own Health in this World, nor Happiness in the next, I shall detain you no longer, and therefore you may now commit the Corpes of this miserable Wretch to the Deep as soon as you please.

The Captain then having ended his Speech, they flung his Carkass over Board without any Pity or Sorrow at all, for such Wretches always die unlamented; and as it was said of *Bonosus* a great Quaffer, he was not born to lead a Life, but lift a Pot, and that when Hang'd himself, Men scoffed and said, their hung a Tankard and no Man, so in flinging this Drunken Sailer overboard, his Mess-Mates cry'd they had only lost a Cag, and not a Comrade.

FINIS.